

Subject: Chat with Caleb Pritchard

From: Caleb Pritchard <cpritchard2001@gmail.com>

To: barriticus@gmail.com

me: just talked to ol' Jane Hamsher

me: she was interested in having me apply to be an editor at Firedoglake

me: I didn't have the heart to tell her I would entirely fuck that up

Caleb: So, you're gonna do it?

me: let me put it this way

me: this is the way I'll put it

me: she said their last editor they hired may have been a drug addict or something because he was always disappearing

Caleb: I like how you put that.

Caleb: So, how did you put it to her?

Caleb: In her?

Caleb: Or out her?

me: let me put it this way

me: THUGS AND CRIMINALS

Caleb: I don't give a rip.

Caleb: A tea tax!

me: let me put it this way

Caleb: A tax on retail items!

me: Gather your armies.

me: CRAZY ARMIES, MARCHING THE WALLS OF ZION

me: SOUND THE ALARM

Caleb: So are you taking the fucking job or not?

me: she asked me for a resume

me: I'll give it to her

me: but I think it would entail, like, working out of an office in god knows where

me: D.C.

Caleb: You'd have to leave Dallas?!

me: I'd have to leave my house

Caleb: Dallas house.

me: I'm drinking whiskey in a dark room